THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, March 31, 1800.

The Biſhop of Killala's Narrative of the Proceedings of the French, in the County of Mayo, during the Invaſion of 1798.

THE 18th of September was a day of continual alarm. Reports from the rebel camp juſt beſide us grew ſtronger than ever, that a mutiny was breaking out. About three o'clock, as the Biſhop and Commandant were walking in the garden, one of the leaders of the rebels came in a great hurry to aſſure them, it was the determined purpoſe of the camp immediately to impriſon, in the cathedral, every proteſtant as a pledge for their own ſecurity, in caſe of the arrival of the King's army. The man was diſmiſſed with thanks for the warning, and deſired to tell his countrymen, "that we were ready for them." A good dinner ſoon after ſtopped their mouths, as it uſed to do: for we remarked, that the rebels in camp were always moſt inclined to cabal, and do miſchief, while their dinner was preparing: when they had been regaled with beef and mutton, and a moderate ſhare of whiſkey, they became good-humoured and tractable.

On the 19th, at noon, they were hungry and quarrelſome again. The Commander, with a guard of 30 men, marched about the town, proclaiming his orders to the men to go to their homes, immediately after they had received their allowance of beef.—While he was thus engaged, a crowd gathered about the gate. The armed began to mutter as well as the unarmed. At laſt the Biſhop ſtepped out to them, and aſked what they wanted?

They had heard, that many of their kinſmen and friends were in cloſe confinement at Caſtlebar; and if they thought that was really the caſe, they could not be blamed for wiſhing to retaliate on the proteſtants here.

Are you ſure of the fact?—No.

Why then, ſaid the Biſhop, would it not be juſt and prudent to ſend meſſengers to Caſtlebar, whom you could truſt, for a true report, before you proceed further?

Right: but who will go on ſuch an errand?

Take one of your own people, replied the Biſhop, with one of our's, to go immediately to the commanding officer at Caſtlebar. Let the perſons to go with the flag of truce be Dean Thompſon and Mr. Roger Macguire.

It was agreed, that the meſſengers ſhould ſet out for Caſtlebar at four the next morning, and till they returned nothing ſhould be attempted.

After breakfaſt on Friday the 21ſt, the Biſhop went into the town with M. Charoſt, to aſſiſt him in ordering a newly-arrived body of pikemen to go home to their harveſt. It was a ſervice of danger. About one hundred ſurly looking fellows were to be told, that the Commandant had men enough to guard the place (which was now his only buſineſs here), and did not deſire to be troubled with a pack of robbers. Charoſt begged his interpreter to ſignify this to the people in words of *command*, ſuch as would leave no doubt or diſpute about his meaning; and Ponſon, to enforce the order, purſued the rear of the body with his firelock, with expreſſions of contempt and anger ſo ridiculous, as to provoke the ſmiles of the loyaliſts, though plainly contrary to prudence. The pikemen muttered threats as they retired, both againſt the proteſtants and their abettors, as they called the French; and from that time accounts came in hourly, that they were reſolved not to diſperſe, as they were ordered to do, but they would chooſe new leaders, and plunder the town that very evening, in ſpite of the French and of O'Donnel. They ſeemed to wait only for the return of the Ambaſſadors, whoſe arrival was indeed anxiouſly expected by all parties.

A loud ſhout at ſix in the evening (of the 21ſt) proclaimed the ſafe return of our two Ambaſſadors. Great was the joy of the whole town at the ſight of them, when we had begun to deſpair of their appearance, at leaſt before morning. They brought back a very polite letter to the Biſhop from General French, aſſuring him that his priſoners were, and ſhould be, treated with all poſſible tenderneſs and humanity. The letter was publickly read to the multitude, and left in their hands.

No

No diſturbance enſued that night; but the trepidation was ſo great, that the caſtle could ſcarcely contain the refugees.

Our miſſion to Caſtlebar had the effect that was foreſeen and wiſhed. Dean Thompſon, though cloſely watched by his fellow-meſſenger, as long as the latter was able to keep himſelf awake, found means to have a private conference with General Trench, in which he painted to him the deſperate ſituation of the loyaliſts at Killala in ſo ſtrong a light, that the General promiſed to march to our relief two days ſooner than he had purpoſed to do, and deſired him to tell the Biſhop, but with a ſtrict injunction of ſecreſy, that he might expect his army by Sunday forenoon.

In effect the whole interval of time between General Trench's promiſe and its completion was a period of keener anxiety than is commonly crowded into an equal ſpace in any man's life. Clamour, and then a ſilence more terrible than clamour, reigned by turns in and about the caſtle. Our guards caſt their eyes upon us with an uncertainty truly alarming; they ſeemed to heſitate whether they ſhould plunge the bayonet into our breaſts, or fall on their knees to implore our protection. *Diverſis animorum motibus, pavebant terrebantque,** as the Roman hiſtorian has ſtrongly delineated a ſituation not unlike our's.

* Tacit. Ann. I. 25. By turns, as their paſſions rolled, they felt terror, and inſpired it.

THE SYLPH;

OR,

THE HISTORY OF SOPHIA MERTON.

(Continued from Page 231.)

STATE OF SOCIETY IN MELLFORD AT THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

THUS has the faithful Auri been the careful guard of Sophia Merton, through one entire ſolar revolution. My ward now began to be conſidered as one of the moſt conſiderable figures in the circle in which ſhe moved, and her power, joined with that of her friend Lucy, (mutually ſupported and ſupporting,) was in no danger of ſuffering any conſiderable diminution, from the ſplendour of any rival belle. The gay provincial town of Mellford boaſted, at this time, ſeveral charming women, at the head of its

circles; who ſhared the influence their attractions gave them with great harmony, and were free from that paltry envy and jealouſy, which generally, as a celebrated female writer obſerves, "ruins every thing in the world of women." It happened alſo, that there were very few young married ladies in the firſt ſet of ſociety in Mellford, to take the lead in their parties; the married and widow ladies conſiſted moſtly of women, advanced in life, who, provided that the young belles paid a proper deference to their judgment, and heard their advice with attention, ſuffered them to plan amuſements and form parties as they liked, which the matrons would good humouredly ſanction by their preſence: To theſe might be added, a few lively old maids, who played their rubber of whiſt, or pool of quadrille, and made arch remarks on what was paſſing around them.

As to the men, thoſe who were moſt enliſted in the train of the reigning belles, conſiſted in general of inveterate whiſt players, who in the gay parties ſat immoveably fixed to the card table; lulled by the ſound of lively flirtation, or ſentimental dialogue, and totally undiſturbed by either, excepting when the ladies happened to think of dancing at the uſual hour of concluding the card parties; this ſometimes broke in upon the plans of the ſteady whiſt players, who very frequently dedicated a great part of the night to the myſterious rites of the four kings: in this caſe, when the violins entered the room, this gloomy train vaniſhed in hollow murmurs, and ſought ſome more ſecluded ſituation, in which to perform their incantations.

As a few ſketches of ſome of the reigning belles may not be unintereſting to the fair readers of this narrative, Auri will here preſent them with ſome portraits ere he cloſes his account of the year.

Charlotte Preſcott was eminently diſtinguiſhed by a very ſtriking perſon, and engaging manners; her ſtature was above the middle ſize, and extremely majeſtic; her features were by no means regular, yet, taken altogether, very pleaſing; and a little playful ſmile gave a ſoftneſs to her appearance. Her mind was by no means uncultivated; and ſhe danced with grace, and ſung with a faſcinating expreſſion to the ſoft notes of the guitar. Although the ſimply elegant and the placid was the kind of dreſs and manner beſt ſuited to the grand ſtile of her perſon, yet ſhe could pleaſe in the very reverſe; and which, in theory, would have been judged the laſt in which it was poſſible for her to have appeared to any advantage. This was the lively vivacious air of a ſmart little

woman,

woman, and the fanciful ſtile of dreſs ſo much admired on the ſtage, and which of late years has become ſo faſhionable. In ſuch a dreſs, and with ſuch an air and manner, Miſs Preſcott was often fond of appearing; and her playful ſmile and general gracefulneſs prevented its looking uncongenial with her figure. Charlotte Preſcott thus poſſeſſed two ſtiles of appearance, totally different from each other, in either of which ſhe was ſure to pleaſe; no wonder then that ſhe attracted admiration and attention.

Miſs Carryl had been admired as a beauty during a period of at leaſt twenty-four years.—Her age now advanced towards forty, but her ſpirits were ſtill unimpaired; her figure was elegant, and time had left but few traces on her pretty face. In poſſeſſion of a good independent fortune ſhe dreſſed with much elegance, and was foremoſt in all parties of amuſement. In the ranks of a country dance ſhe feared not to ſtand between Charlotte Preſcott in the blaze of four and twenty, and Sophia Merton in the bloom of eighteen. Miſs Carryl would have attracted much greater admiration, as well as eſteem, if a little reſtleſs fear of becoming an old maid had not been extremely apparent in her manner and behaviour.

Anna Saxby had not ſeen quite ſo many ſummers as Harriet Carryl; but the beſt days of her life were paſſing rapidly away. She was a fine ſhewy figure, with the air and look of a gentlewoman. The ſcanty allowance her father could afford her did not admit of her appearing with much elegance; but ſhe had ſtudied the art of dreſs, and knew how to put on every thing to the beſt advantage. When very young ſhe had been much admired, and was now by no means forgotten or neglected.

Miſs Saxby had ſometimes, in the courſe of her life, carried ſome little coquetries almoſt to the verge of levity; but ſhe poſſeſſed an admirable faculty of perceiving when the world began to cenſure, and would retire, ſhun company, and almoſt ſhut herſelf up for a conſiderable length of time, till thoſe who were obſerving her conduct had really forgot what they were about to cenſure: She alſo contrived to make theſe little ſecluſions convenient in a pecuniary point of view, and many little ſavings were laid up for future days of gaiety. Thus "more a ſhewy than a fine woman; and more a good manager than a woman of ſenſe."

Miſs Saxby was well received wherever ſhe went. She had (as well as Miſs Carryl) a dread of becoming an old maid, and with more reaſon, as the narrowneſs of her father's

ther's fortune, and his numerous family, (of ſons) made her fear, that though an only daughter, ſhe could be but ſcantily provided for at his deceaſe. It was this lady who was ſuppoſed by many people to have undertaken the arduous taſk of converting the butterfly Clifford into a huſband, although he was many years younger than herſelf.

Miſs Danvers was a pleaſing little girl, about the age of the ward of Auri; her face was not handſome or her perſon elegant, but the ſweetneſs expreſſed by her blue eyes, and the fairneſs of her complexion, together with the grace of a pair of very handſome eye brows, gave an intereſting air to her countenance. Maria Danvers was not an accompliſhed young woman; but in none of the qualifications neceſſary to form the gentlewoman was ſhe deficient. She was never an object of admiration, yet her amiable temper and pleaſing manners made her a general favourite wherever ſhe appeared: from her infancy more liked than admired, ſhe never experienced the perſonal triumphs of the beauty, or the mental joys of genius; yet, perhaps, Maria Danvers had no reaſon to envy either the beautiful or the brilliant of her ſex.

As the ſylph is now engaged in painting portraits, his fair readers may probably expect a more accurate deſcription of Sophia and Lucy than has yet been given; he will therefore preſent them with a ſlight ſketch:

Sophia Merton was at this period nearly eighteen; her ſtature the top of the middle ſize, without being abſolutely tall; her figure was genteel, her complexion very fair, and her hair the darkeſt tint of the cheſnut. Her features were regular and ſmall, but without that inſignificance, often attached to ſmall features, and her eyes of "doubtful hue" were well ſhaped, and ſaid "juſt whatever ſhe choſe they ſhould ſay." The mind and manners of Sophia are ſufficiently delineated in the courſe of this narrative, and require no elucidation here.

Lucy Vernon was a brunette, and rather tall: Her face was not exactly regular, but rendered pleaſing by a handſome mouth, and lively dark eyes, in which dwelt the very ſpirit of whim and ſoul of humour; and her whole countenance was expreſſive of good natured vivacity. Her character is alſo delineated by the events of this little hiſtory.

The purple winged Auri would be ſorry to tire the patience of his fair pupils by his portraits; but muſt requeſt their attention to thoſe of two ladies who might be regarded

as a kind of female cenſors, or dictators, over the firſt ſet of ſociety in Mellford.

Mrs. Byron was a widow without children, and about five and forty years of age. Mary Anne Alton was a ſingle woman, ſix or ſeven years younger. Theſe ladies had paſſed much of their early life together; and were nearly related. On the death of Mr. Byron they had agreed to unite their little incomes, and reſide together for the remainder of their lives; and for this purpoſe they ſettled in a pleaſant houſe in the centre of the town of Mellford. The taſtes and diſpoſitions of theſe ladies bore a great ſimilarity to each other; they had both of them read and converſed a great deal, poſſeſſed very good underſtandings, and had viewed the world obſerving eye. In all the powers of converſation they with an excelled in a very eminent degree; in wit Miſs Alton was brilliant; in humour (in its genteel dreſs) Mrs. Byron was wonderful; indeed, ſo great were her powers in this way, that had ſhe gone upon the ſtage, ſhe muſt have been one of the firſt comic actreſſes that ever exiſted. The manner in which theſe ladies could elucidate a character, or deſcribe an event by a few ſimple ſentences, has probably never been excelled.

Mrs. Byron was what might be called a good looking woman. Miſs Alton had been very pretty, nay, was ſtill very pretty, although ſhe threw herſelf more into the line of elderly women than her old friend and contemporary Miſs Carryl. Both Mrs. Byron and Miſs Alton had the air and manners of gentlewomen; they poſſeſſed much taſte in the fine arts; Miſs Alton underſtood muſic, and was exquiſitely ſkilled in the works of the needle. They were extremely well acquainted with what was paſſing in the little world around them, and could always converſe on the reigning topic of the day. It will readily be imagined that the company of theſe ladies was much ſought after, and that great attention was paid them; in truth, they were much viſited, and it was a ſort of diſtinction to be enrolled in their parties. Their converſation was greatly admired; and they would have been ſtill more liked than they were, but for a little vein of ſatire, the too common fault of wits, which mingled itſelf in their diſcourſe: but they had too large a portion of good ſenſe to become the retailers of ſcandal, or to ridicule their abſent friends. The houſe of Mrs. Byron and Miſs Alton was extremely well ſituated for obſerving every thing that was paſſing in the town; and due information of the news of the day was regularly carried to them by their numerous

merous viſitors; indeed their opinions were reſorted to, on all new ſubjects that occurred in the converſations of Mellford. Sophia and Lucy were two of their moſt diſtinguiſhed favourites, and made appeals to them on all occaſions: "Lucy," my ward would ſometimes ſay, "I fear the world may ſuppoſe we meant to encourage the attentions of ſuch or ſuch a gentleman, more than would be quite proper. "Do you think ſo, Sophy?" her friend would reply, "let us then pay a morning viſit to Mrs. Byron and Miſs Alton, we ſhall ſoon know if they have heard any ſuch opinion." Thus a kind of diſtatoreſſes in the circles of Mellford, the influence of theſe ladies was very great in the ſcenes which form the hiſtory of Sophia Merton.

Auri is now arrived at the concluſion of his firſt year's guardianſhip, over the actions of the intereſting Sophia; and will now drop the ſilver pen, after promiſing his fair readers that he will ſhortly commence his narrative of the events attending the ſecond year.

(To be continued.)

SWEARING NOT A NATURAL DISCHARGE.

To the EDITOR,

SIR,

ON parting with a few friends ſome evenings ago, one of them, who walked my way, obſerved, "I ſhould admire that young man much more, who entertained us to-night with his wit and vivacity, if he had not ſuch a *habit of ſwearing.*"

Theſe words which nearly cloſed our converſation for the night, threw me into a reverie, or fit of thinking, on a habit ſo ſtrange as that of *ſwearing*, or interlarding every ſentence in converſation with certain expletives, which are too well known to require ſpecifying here—and this not upon extraordinary emergencies, or burſts of paſſion, which ſome think may admit of a *little ſwearing* (although perhaps this is a miſtake) but continually, on all occaſions, and as we may ſay, in cool blood.

A *habit* of ſwearing!—It appears the moſt unaccountable of all our bad habits. It leads from nothing, and to nothing. How a man may learn to ſwear, may be probably determined by the company he keeps, but how it becomes a fixed habit, is a more difficult queſtion to anſwer, and that, becauſe we obſerve it in, otherwiſe, men of ſenſe and education. As

them why they uſe ſo many ſtrange oaths to eke out their converſation, and they will frankly confeſs it is an idle cuſtom. Aſk them to give it over, and they will, while you are preſent, put on ſome reſtraint, but return again from the force of habit to their original quantity.

Swearing, even when not a habit, is a very unaccountable thing. No man defends it. No man has written in its favour. Atheiſm, blaſphemy, drunkenneſs, and every ſpecies of profligacy, have had their open and avowed advocates among the pretended philoſophers of our day, but ſwearing has been left to ſtand or fall by its own ſtrength, and we find that it has ſtrength to ſupport itſelf againſt enemies of moſt potent charms, againſt common ſenſe and good manners; for it is to be found in all ranks of life, in poliſhed as well as in ruder circles; in brilliant aſſemblies as well as humble parties; in faſhionable ſquares, as well as blind alleys. Yet ſtill, no one defends it; an eſſay in its favour would be a great curioſity, yet the genius of mankind has not yet been adequate to ſuch a work. How wonderful, that a practice ſhould have ſo long ſubſiſted in full vigour, for which not a ſyllable of excuſe or vindication has ever appeared in print?

And here, by the bye, is one of its ſingular characteriſtics. It can ſcarcely ever appear in *print*. The few expreſſions uſed on the ſtage, as copied from real life, if printed, are printed with the cautious —— or **** which uſed to be employed in ſeditious writings. No man has ventured to print an entire ſwearing ſcene, ſuch as may be often heard in houſes as well as in the ſtreets. Nay, what is more, I have never heard of any habitual ſwearer, who conveyed his oaths by poſt to his correſpondents. I have ſeen many letters from *gentlemen* of the above deſcription, but they were as pure from ſwearing as the charge of a Biſhop. I almoſt wiſh the caſe were otherwiſe. I almoſt wiſh they would ſwear a little with the pen; the *fight* would probably evince the abſurdity which does not at preſent ſtrike in the way of *hearing*. I am perſuaded, that if one of our *round ſwearers* were to ſee half an hour of his converſation committed to paper, he would deny it—as the ravings of a Bedlamite; he would be ſurpriſed how any man ſhould make uſe of ſo many words without any meaning.

In what I have ſaid of ſwearing on the ſtage, I may perhaps be in ſome meaſure liable to contradiction. I am aware, indeed, that of late more ſtage oaths than uſual have crept into print, but I have the opinion of the beſt critics on my ſide, that they ſhamefully deform the page, and are an

inſult to the decency of the age—another inſtance in which *poor ſwearing* is miſerably deſerted and forſaken, having none to ſtand up in its defence, no not even they who are moſt addicted to it.

I have, indeed, heard ſome perſons aſſert, whether in jeſt or earneſt, my readers muſt judge, that ſwearing is a *natural diſcharge*, and therefore to be regulated by the laws which we apply to bodily diſcharges in general. Now it ſtruck me that this defence would not be admitted by the learned gentlemen of Warwick-lane; and upon application to one of them on this ſubject, he very freely gave me his opinion, which, as I paid no fee for it, I ſhall as freely communicate to my readers.

"Swearing," ſaid my learned friend Dr. *Perriwigmenos*, "cannot be a natural diſcharge, becauſe it hath none of the characteriſtics of a natural diſcharge. Firſt, it is to be obſerved, that a natural diſcharge is for the promotion of health; but can it be ſaid that ſwearers are ſtronger or ſtouter than others, or do ſwearers live to a greater age? An old man, indeed, may be heard to ſwear, as my old porter does when he is obliged to get up in the night, but he is not old becauſe he ſwears. On the contrary, I ſuſpect that ſwearers are very liable to certain diſorders, as inflammations; and in their own language, they ſeem to confeſs that ſwearing is rather a *fit* than a natural diſcharge; now we know that *fits* are very unnatural things. Secondly, ſwearing is not a natural diſcharge, becauſe it is violent and ungovernable. Who ever heard of a gentle ſwearing, as we may ſay a gentle perſpiration? Thirdly, it is eſſential to natural diſcharges that they be regular, but no man has yet pretended to ſay that ſwearing is not the moſt irregular thing in the world, and the cauſe of much want of regularity in all who practice, or even who hear it. Fourthly, moſt natural diſcharges are imperceptible and ſolitary; it would be very abſurd therefore to call ſwearing a natural diſcharge, becauſe it almoſt always requires the preſence of two perſons at leaſt to promote it; ſuch as a couple of *dear friends*, a maſter and his ſervant, or, in very extraordinary caſes, even a man and his wife. If it be a natural diſcharge, in the name of decency, why affront a company with it? Let a temple be built, and dedicated for this purpoſe in ſome ſolitary place, where the ears of delicate people may not be offended with ſuch copious diſcharges of oaths and curſes. But it is plain, that this argument will not hold good. Then, fifthly, it is peculiar to natural diſcharges, that, if obſtructed, a diſeaſe comes on; if perſpiration, for

example,

example, is obſtructed, why, there are colds, and coughs, and fevers. But who ever heard of a man ſuffering by the obſtruction of ſwearing? They tell us, indeed, ſometimes, that when any conſtraint is upon them, as the preſence of a ſuperior, the inſide of a church, or even the ſight of a cudgel, they are ready to burſt; but there is no caſe on the records of medicine of any ſuch event taking place—No. A *pent-up* oath will never hurt any man, and if the ſource of ſwearing were to be dammed up (they like that word, it ſounds ſo like ſwearing), I will venture to ſay the parties will not ſuffer in their health, but on the contrary be better men, both in body and mind. I have only one more argument on this ſubject, and that is, ſixthly, that natural diſcharges are ſo called, becauſe they are common to all mankind; and in this reſpect, therefore, it is to be hoped, differ eſſentially from ſwearing, which is confined to a certain deſcription only of men, and is found among very few women, and thoſe of the lower order, with perhaps half a dozen exceptions to be picked up at the faro tables. Upon all theſe accounts, my good friend," added Dr. *Perriwigmenos*, " you plainly ſee that they who would defend ſwearing upon the ground of being a natural diſcharge, underſtand very little of the ſubject they are talking about. Had the caſe been otherwiſe, the college would not have been ſo inattentive to the intereſts of mankind, and their own, as to have omitted a liſt of *anti-ſwearing* medicines in the laſt edition of the London Pharmacopœia. No; No. All the natural diſcharges have been ſettled long ago, and we have had too much plague with them to wiſh to add another to the collection."

After an opinion ſo copious as this, Mr. Editor, it does not ſeem neceſſary that I ſhould add any thing more on this ſubject, although it had often engaged my thoughts before the evening mentioned, which gave riſe to this letter. I think, however, that your readers will agree with me in this, that a habit ſo truly defenceleſs as this ought to be given up by all who are deſirous to be thought acting upon rational principles. It is one thing to be doing what is uſeleſs, for a man may be ſo employed for his amuſement; but to do what is wrong, without being able to plead an excuſe, or the hope of a reward, is an inſtance of generous and gratuitous obedience to the rule of wrong, for which a name has not yet been invented.

I am, Sir, your's,

C. A.

NEW METHOD *of* MAKING BARLEY BREAD.

THE following method of making barley bread has been diſcovered by Dr. Roberts, of Bridport, Dorſetſhire. —As it is well known that yeaſt or barm will not produce the deſired effect of making barley equally light or ſpungy like wheat, but on the contrary has a tendency to make it more cloſe and heavy, it muſt be, at this criſis of affairs, very deſirable that ſome method might be found to produce that effect, which I am happy to ſay that chemiſtry has furniſhed us with it ſo compleat, that it not only makes the bread light, but alſo removes a great inconvenience, viz. that barley will not agree with all conſtitutions, on account of its heating quality, and is liable to give the heartburn: now by this new proceſs, in the place of giving the heart-burn, it will correct that acid gas which is the cauſe of this troubleſome complaint.

The method of making the bread is is follows:—With one peck of barley flour mix one ounce and half of cream of tartar; then diſſolve one ounce and half of ſalt of tartar, or pearl aſh, in two quarts of warm water, with which make the dough, and knead it properly: ſhould this liquor be inſufficient for making it, add more warm water. A loaf thus prepared will be as light as one made with wheaten flour.

*** The ſal ſodæ, or natron præparatum, is preferable to ſalt of tartar or pearl aſh.

N. B. For one pound of barley flour, one teaſpoon of cream of tartar and one of ſalt of tartar will be ſufficient.

Deſcription of the cloſing Scene of the Life of the late venerable Dr. George Horne, late Biſhop of Norwich.

[From the Rev. Mr. Jones's Life of that Prelate.]

THAT the faculties of his mind did not fail, in the way it was imagined, ſo long as he remained at Norwich, I could ſhew by the contents of the laſt letter he wrote to me, within a few weeks of his death; in which there is the ſame humour and ſpirit as had diſtinguiſhed him in the prime of his life. That he was not ſubject to fits of weakneſs in his mind, I do not ſay: he could not perſevere in a train of thought, as he uſed to do, but applied himſelf by ſhort interrals, as his ability would permit; and in that way he could execute more than we ſhould have expected from him,

under

under his bodily infirmities. From two viſits to Bath he had received ſenſible benefit, and was meditating a third, when I left him in the autumn of 1791, which he had been requeſted not to defer too long.

At my departure from Norwich, he carried me in his coach about ten miles; and we converſed by the way on the ſubject of his Charge, of which his mind was full, and which he was then beginning to print. When I had made him a promiſe to meet him during his next viſit at Bath, he ſet me down at Lodden, and I betook myſelf to my horſes. That moment will for ever dwell, like a black ſpot, upon my mind, in which we had the laſt ſight of a beloved friend. After this parting I never ſaw him more. His company I can now ſeek only in his writings, which are almoſt my daily delight. His journey to Bath, contrary to the perſuaſion of his friends, was deferred too long. Yet he had ſtill ſuch remaining vigour in his mind, that he did not intend to make his viſit to Bath an idle one; but ſelected from his manuſcript ſermons a ſufficient number to compoſe a volume, and took them with him, intending to employ a printer at Bath upon them. To this he was partly encouraged by an obſervation his good and affectionate lady had made upon him, from the experience of ſeveral years, that he never ſeemed to be ſo well as when he had printers about him; of which ſhe had even then ſeen a ſtriking example at Norwich. But, alas! while he was upon the road, he ſuffered a paralytic ſtroke, and, though very ill, finiſhed his journey. Mrs. Horne after this wrote me a letter full of hope, that, as the Biſhop could walk to the pump-room daily, he would ſtill recover; in conſequence of which, I went with ſome courage to London, intending to go on from thence to Bath; but was informed, as ſoon as I arrived in town, that he was not expected to continue many days: and the next day brought us the melancholy news of his death.

My worthy friend and pleaſant companion, the Reverend Charles Millard, his chaplain, was with him at Bath, and was witneſs to many affecting paſſages which happened toward his latter end. Bad as he was, if Mrs. Horne entered the room, he ſpoke to her with his uſual cheerfulneſs; although a ſtupor commonly oppreſſed him, under which his mind wandered, and his ſpeech was confuſed: but from what could be underſtood, his thoughts were always at work upon ſome heavenly ſubject. When it was propoſed that the Holy Communion ſhould be adminiſtered to him by his chaplain, "By all means," ſaid he, "you cannot do a

better

better thing." In this ſervice he joined with great devotion, and when it was ended, "Now," ſaid he, "I am bleſſed, indeed!"

On the Friday before his death, while his houſe-keeper was in waiting by his bed-ſide, he aſked her, on what day of the week the ſeventeenth day of the month would fall? She anſwered on Tueſday. "Make a note of that," ſaid he, "in a book;" which, to ſatisfy him, ſhe pretended to do. This proved to be the day on which he died—as quietly as he had lived. From this occurrence a rumour got abroad, as if he had received ſome fore-warning of the time of his death. To this I can *ſay* nothing; but I can *think*, without any danger of being miſtaken, that if ever there was a man in theſe latter days, who was worthy to receive from above any unuſual teſtimony due to ſuperior piety, he was that man.

Deſcription of the Centre of the Spermaceti Whale Fiſhery.

[From Colnett's Voyage to the South Atlantic, &c.]

NARBOROUGH ISLE is the higheſt land among the Gallipagoe Iſlands, lying near the centre of Albemarle Iſle, on the coaſt of South America, which almoſt ſurrounds it, in the form of two creſcents, and making two bays. The apparent point of diviſion of theſe iſlands is ſo low on both, that I am in doubt whether they are ſeparated. On the next morning we ſaw ſpermaceti whales, we killed ſeven and got them along ſide; Rock Rodondo bearing eaſt 22° ſouth, the northernmoſt land bearing eaſt 18° ſouth, and the ſouth weſt land bearing ſouth 28° eaſt. The weather was hazy, and the latitude by obſervation 00° 27′ 13″ north. Here we cruiſed till the eighth of April, and ſaw ſpermaceti whales in great numbers, but only killed five, of which we ſecured four. The current ran ſo ſtrong to the weſtward, and the winds were ſo light, that after laying to, to ſecure the whales and cut them up, we were ſeven days in returning to the ground from whence we driſted. In the winter ſeaſon, when the winds are more freſh, theſe difficulties might not occur, otherwiſe it would be impoſſible for any veſſel which was not a very prime ſailer to whale here with ſucceſs; though at a certain ſeaſon any quantity of ſperm oil might be procured.

The oldeſt whale-fiſhers with whom I have converſed, as well as thoſe on board my ſhip, uniformly declared that they had never ſeen ſpermaceti whales in a ſtate of copulation, or ſquid their principal food in ſhoals before; but both theſe objects were very common off theſe iſles, and we frequently killed the latter, of four or five feet in length, with the grapes. Young ſpermaceti whales were alſo ſeen in great numbers, which were not larger than a ſmall porpoiſe. I am diſpoſed to believe that we were now at the general rendezvous of the ſpermaceti whales from the coaſts of Mexico, Peru, and the Gulf of Panama, who come here to calve; as among thoſe we killed there was but one bull-whale.—The ſituation I recommend to all cruizers, is between the ſouth end of Narborough Iſle and the Rock Rodondo: though great care muſt be taken not to go to the north of the latter; for there the current ſets at the rate of four and five miles an hour due north. Narborough Iſle falls gradually down to a point at the north, ſouth, and eaſt ends, and may be equal in produce to any of the neighbouring iſles; but of this I can only conjecture, as I did not myſelf examine it; nor does it appear that the Buccaneers ever landed upon it.

The Rodondo is an high barren rock, about a quarter of a mile in circumference, and is viſible as far as eight or nine leagues, has ſoundings round it at the diſtance of a quarter of a mile thirty fathoms. Here our boats caught rock-cod in great abundance. I frequently obſerved the whales leave theſe iſles and go to the weſtward, and in a few days return with augmented numbers. I have alſo ſeen the whales coming, as it were, from the main, and paſſing along from the dawn of day to night, in one extended line, as if they were in haſte to reach the Gallipagoes. It is very much to be regretted that theſe iſles have to this period been ſo little known but only to the Spaniards.

Anecdotes of Guſtavus Adolphus, King of Sweden.

THIS Prince was of a very haſty diſpoſition. He gave Colonel Seaton a ſlap on the face for ſomething that he had done to diſpleaſe him. Seaton demanded his diſmiſſion from the army, obtained it, and ſet off for the frontier of Denmark. The King, aſhamed of the inſult he had put upon a brave and an excellent officer, ſoon followed him on a fleet horſe, and overtook him. "Seaton," ſaid he, "I ſee you are offended, and I am the cauſe of it. I am ſorry for

it,

it, as I have a very great regard for you. I have followed you hither to give you ſatisfaction. I am now, as you well know, out of my own kingdom; ſo that at preſent Guſtavus and Seaton are equals. Here are two piſtols and two ſwords, avenge yourſelf if you pleaſe." Seaton immediately threw himſelf at the King's feet, and told him what ample ſatisfaction he had already given him for what he had done. They returned to Stockholm together, where Guſtavus told this adventure to all his court.

Marſhal Gaſſion told Guſtavus, "That the Kings of France did not expoſe themſelves ſo much in battle as he did.—"There is," replied the Prince, "a great deal of difference between us; the Kings of France are great Monarchs, and I am only a ſoldier of fortune."

This Prince, not long before he died, had his horſe ſhot under him. An officer went to help him up, to whom he ſaid coolly, "I have had a very narrow eſcape; the fruit, perhaps, is not quite ripe yet." He was killed at the battle of Lutzen. He had firſt his arm broke with a muſket ball. A ſoldier ſaw it, and cried out, "The King is wounded."—"Say nothing about it, my friend," ſaid the King; "it is nothing; follow me, and let us charge the enemy." Then turning toward the Prince of Saxe Lauemburgh, he ſaid to him in a low tone of voice, "Couſin, I believe I have enough of it. I am in very great pain; pray try to get me off." At the ſame inſtant a ball paſſed through his body, and he fell down dead.

This great Prince had then his wiſh. He uſed to ſay, "That no men were ſo happy as thoſe who died in the exerciſe of their profeſſion."

CURIOUS LACONIC NOTES.

A Lame duck, who is advertized for eloping with the money of his principal, left a couple of laconic notes behind him. To his wife he wrote a very *affecting* epiſtle.—"My dear wife, I leave you cheerfully to the arms of the man you love." To the gentleman, whoſe money to the amount of 10,000l. he had carried off, he wrote a billet to this effect—"Dear Sir, I have complete proof of your criminal correſpondence; in the moral and correcting ſpirit of the courts, I ſhould certainly get a verdict to the whole amount of the ſum in my hands—in kindneſs therefore to you, I take the money at once, and ſave you both the *expence* and the *ſhame* of a law ſuit."

AN ANECDOTE.

PLUTARCH relates that there was at Rome a dog, belonging to a certain mimic, who at that time had the management of a farce, in the performance of which he undertook to inſtruct the actors, by teaching them the ſeveral imitations proper for repreſenting the paſſions. Among the reſt there was one who was to drink a ſleepy potion, and after he had drank it to fall into a deadly drowſineſs, and counterfeit the actions of a dying perſon. The dog, who had ſtudied ſeveral of the other geſtures and poſtures, obſerving this with greater attention, took a piece of bread that was ſopped in the potion, and in a ſhort time after he had ate it, counterfeited a trembling, then a ſtaggering, and afterwards a drowſineſs; then ſtretching himſelf out, lay as if he was dead, and ſeemed to offer himſelf to be dragged out of the place, and carried to burial, as the plot of the play required. But afterwards, entering fully into the ſpirit of what had been ſaid and acted, he began gently to ſtir, as if waking out of a profound ſleep, and, lifting up his head, gazed around him; and then, to the amazement of all, roſe up, and went to his maſter with all the ſigns of joy and kindneſs; ſo that the ſpectators, and even Cæſar himſelf (for old Veſpaſian was preſent in Marcellus's Theatre) were highly delighted with the ſight.

Anſwer, by T. Whicker, of Exeter, to W. Chudleigh's Charade, inſerted January 6.

WHAT you've obſcur'd in enigmatic lore,
Brave CHURCHILL's name will ſurely, Sir, explore.

*** We have received the like anſwer from R. Andrews, of Kingſbridge; S. Brown, of Newton Abbot; T. Bullock, a Royal Miner; T. Churchouſe, of Yeovil; R. Thomas, W. Harris, jun. W. Hobbs, and T. Whicker, of Exeter; W. Brock, of Evercreech; R. Maſſett, of Saltaſh; George Coulman, of Broadhempſton; J. R. Toulmin; and P. Ninnis, and J. Ninnis, of St. Auſtell.

Anſwer, by R. Thomas, of Exeter, to J. Gidley's Charade, inſerted January 6.

RIVER-HEAD you had in ſight,
When this charade you did write.

† We have received the like anſwer from W. Hobbs, and W. Harris, jun. of Exeter; S. Brown, of Newton Abbot; T. Bullock, a Royal Miner; J. R. Toulmin; G. Coulman, of Broadhempſton; E. Robins, of Creed; and J. Ninnis, of St. Auſtell.

Anſwer, by W. Harris, Jun. of Exeter, to C. N.'s Anagram, inſerted January 13.

A Rebuff's a DENIAL which rightly tranſpoſe,
And DANIEL's the name which you'll find it diſcloſe.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from G. England, of Uplyme; J. King, of Kingſbridge; S. Brown, of Newton Abbot; R. Thomas, T. Whicker, and W. Hobbs, of Exeter; William Maddick, of Rattery; J. R. Toulmin; G. Coulman, of Broadhempſton; and James Ninnis, of St. Auſtell.

A REBUS, *by R. Thomas, of Exeter.*

WHEN mariners at ſea are kept,
And toſs'd upon the main,
Soon as my wiſh'd for firſt appears
It baniſhes their pain.

Happy when all their danger's o'er
They caſt my next with joy,
Then the proud waves and ſwelling tide
No more their peace annoy.

Now landed on their native ſhore
All praiſe the noble crew,
That they have made their foes give up,
Which brings my laſt to view.

Thoſe lines with circumſpection read,
Th' initials will diſcloſe
A valiant hero to your view,
Who lies in death's repoſe.

☞ *A Correſpondent would be much obliged to T. Commings, of Taviſtock, to anſwer his own rebus, inſerted on the 9th of October, 1797, which ſtill remains unanſwered.*

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

ODE *to* FANCY.

OH fancy! lead me from the ſcenes
Of diſſipation, rout, and noiſe,
Where reaſon reels, and nought reſtrains
The turbulence of boundleſs joys;
And lead me thro' the tufted vale,
To breathe the fragrance of the ſpicy gale.

There ſmiling loves and nymphs inhale
The pure elixir of content;
And love-ſick ſwains impart their tale
In ſtrains of am'rous blandiſhment;
There from each breeze I'll ſteal a kiſs,
And riot in imaginary bliſs.

Or lead me to the penſive bower
(Sweet contemplation's hallow'd ſeat),
To meliorate the fleeting hour
In ſtudying things divinely great;
And whilſt beneath the ſhade reclin'd
Let grand ideas elevate my mind.

The ſoul exults beneath the ſtars,
Borne on thy mighty pinions, bold;
And 'mid the airy vacuum rears
Fair fabricks of Utopian mould;
Roves unreſtrain'd and unannoy'd
Amid th' immenſe, illimitable void.

Upborne by thee the poet ſoars,
And with inimitable wing
Far diſtant flies, and ſoon explores
Caſtalia's uncorrupted ſpring,
Whoſe never-failing ſtreams inſpire,
And warm his breaſt with energetic fire.

Unceaſing from the ſacred ſpring
The rill of inſpiration flows;
The poet drinks its virtues in—
His flutt'ring ſoul with fervour glows;
And heated with thy brilliant fire
He mounts aloft, and ſweeps the magic lyre.

When thro' thy mirror he ſurveys
The dark abodes of want and woe,

Soon

Soon from his ſoul the ſoothing lays
And melting ſtrains of pity flow;
He ſoftly trills each mournful ſtring
Where cheerleſs pen'ry ſpreads her ſable wing.

Within the ſanguine lover's heart
Thou light'ſt a pure, unſullied flame;
Tho' ſubtle Cupid wings the dart,
The honour thou may'ſt juſtly claim;
Thou lead'ſt him into beauty's arms,
And bids him baſk in viſionary charms.

The orator within thy reach
Untir'd thro' claſſic learning ſtrays;
Toils thro' "the labyrinths of ſpeech,
"And elocution's trackleſs maze;"
Riſes ſublime on lively rays,
And wonderful abilities diſplays.

When wand'ring near the ſilent glen
Thou haſt indulg'd thy meaneſt child,
While diſtant from the haunts of men
Thou haſt my roving thoughts beguil'd;
And borne triumphant on thy wings
I've ris'n ſuperior to terreſtrial things.

Dean Prior. W. HOARE.

The MORNING MIST.

LOOK, William, how the morning miſts
Have cover'd all the ſcene,
Nor houſe nor hill canſt thou behold,
Grey wood, or meadow green.

The diſtant ſpire acroſs the vale
Theſe floating vapours ſhroud,
Scarce are the neighbouring poplars ſeen,
Pale ſhadow'd in the cloud.

But ſeeſt thou, William, where the miſts
Sweep o'er the ſouthern ſky,
The dim effulgence of the ſun
That lights them as they fly?

Soon ſhall that glorious orb of day
In all his ſtrength ariſe,
And roll along his azure way,
Thro' clear and cloudleſs ſkies.

Then ſhall we ſee acroſs the vale
The village ſpire ſo white,
And the grey wood and meadow green
Shall live again in light.

So, William, from the moral world
The clouds ſhall paſs away;
The light that ſtruggles thro' them now
Shall beam eternal day.